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STREETS AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECUND-

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1914.

If America Should Be Attacked-MILITARISM is a species of national in-manity. Its chief characteristics are a thirst for glory and a lust for conquest. It creates and reverences a military caste that looks with contempt upon all civilian people and pursuits. All legislation, all diplomacy, all railroad construction and all taxation are bent toward making an invincible army.

The idea overshadows, dwarfs and subor-

dinates everything else, whether social,

moral, industrial or political.

America can never tolerate militarism, Our ideals, our habits, our institutions, our temperament and our mature judgment are against it. But to avoid one extreme we need not go to another. President Wilson is in favor of strengthening our State militia. Five bills have been already introduced into Congress with a view to correcting our unpreparedness. George Wharton Pepper has protested vigorously against our blind celfsatisfaction: "If we are to have peace, we must also have the power to demand it. Because the Stars and Stripes has never bowed to a belligerent Power does not say that we shall continue to be the powerful. peace-loving nation we are today. All I say is that we are unprepared, and without any good reason for that condition."

The European war is opening our eyes. If Belgium could be prostrated in a few days in spite of the most solemn treatles no nation is absolutely safe. Americans are not asking for a vast standing army that will swallow a billion dollars a year for maintenance and withdraw a million men from productive occupations. Such an idea is unthinkable. The present agitation in Congress and throughout the country is for a calm, thorough and absolutely honest investigation of our ability to protect our homes and our flag if they should be attacked by a foreign foe. The request is nothing but natural prudence.

Put It Up to Villa

FIHE President has ordered troops to Naco. In that locality, within the last 60 days, 17 American soldiers have been wounded by stray bullets from the Mexican side of the boundary.

In ordinary circumstances outrages of this sort would plunge the nation into wild Jingolsm and no Administration would be able to resist the demand for prompt action in defense of our rights. But of what use would it be to get angry with children? It is far better to exhibit patience.

Yet Sunday, according to reports, General Villa paraded through the City of Mexico at the head of 40,000 troops, and the Iron hand of the former bandit holds firm all along his northern frontier. He knows, if southern Mexicans do not, the might and power of this nation. Firm treatment, we surmise, ungarbed in rhetoric, would induce him so to guide the conduct of his soldiery that American territory would not hereafter be a target for their rifle practice.

Practical Education Appreciated WHEN \$8,000 boys and girls, young men and young women are willing to give up their evenings to study, the Board of Education in Philadelphia can feel sure that it has struck the right vein. This year's attendance at night school is 50 per cent, higher than last year, and the remarkable increase is attributed to the addition of trade and vocational subjects to the purely academic studies. Even the young realise that modern He is a bitter struggle for existence in which the unfit are quickly eliminated; any mid or qualification for future supremacy that our educational authorities can provide is selved with eagerness and enthusiasm.

Old Glory Still More Glorious

THREE months ago any American would have said that to add another tinge of giory to the Stars and Stripes was as unthinkable as to add a new tint of beauty to the rose or a sweeter fragrance to the wielet. Yet it has been done.

In sad, gore-stained, trampled Belgium men uncover their heads, women murmur a prayer of gratitude and little children curtesy when they see the Star-Spangled Banner. America has saved them from starvation. The great western nation which they had known only as a giant of industry has been transformed into an angel of miercy, the messenger of heaven to their awful need.

That gives our flag a place in the sun of which all Americans may be proud.

Piffic and Buncombe

THEW individuals can stand prosperity. They lose their heads. The nation has been guilty of the same weakness in char-Once the wheels begin to hum, the parasitus, who have nothing cise to do hegin widning. When they don't white they cold, when they don't scold they criticise, and when they don't criticise they begin to week. Indeed, to some people prosperity to such conclusive evidence of lumorality that no posit as it appears they begin to mean and lament in the manner of callow youths at you through sucking their thumbs. We have seen prosperity legislated into

an intensiontian of despate. The dis of fluent persons and obfuscated ordinarily deliberare pleads. The three-card-month expert at a county fate nectar found a more recepand andlence than certain of our national bladers have discovered in the sint sends. Weather have blaken the black of the most of few lates are design at the 2 Well-

plarm. The historians may call this the era of hysteria, or they may ignore it altogether, following the example set by a distinguished Governor of Pennsylvania who wrote a history of the Commonwealth and cave not a line to some Administrations.

It is fortunate for the country that the President has permitted some of his advisers to do most of the talking, and it is fortunate, too, that Mr. Underwood led the majority in the House. Perhaps there was nothing for the President to do but give certain friends who had been dealt to him plenty of rope. In politics even an idealist must mix with the bed-fellows that he finds. Yet there are increasing numbers of citizens who are nauseated by the endless piffle and buncombe that are being bandled about as philosophy and statesmanship. The reputable press of the country did what it could to banish the patent-medicine crase of a few years ago, but there seems nothing to do now but let this insensate folly, which in late years has been passing for reform and progress, run its course. If the precipica is not near it ought to be.

Brumbaugh the Brave

I want to stand, like the Greek youth, with the majority! But if needs be, I will stand with the minority. I intend to keep every pledge I made in the campaign.— Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh.

THE words of a brave man and a strong man! They ring out a challenge and a warning to all the legislators who may be tempted to play peanut politics and shelve the vital issues. They peal out as a "forward march" to such as have vision and the genius of constructive statesmanship.

Pennsylvania put Brumbaugh into the Governor's chair with a purpose. His platform was self-made, clear cut and emphatic. If the Legislature at Harrisburg will not rally to his leadership, if it becomes obstructive or refractory, the people of the Commonwealth will rise in shame and anger.

To have a Governor with a positive personality is a great asset to any State. A man who can go right along alone, satisfied with the approval of his own conscience, regardless of the sneers and frowns of such as are not big enough or brave enough to go with him, is the ideal that enlightened citizenship has always sought. His errors of judgment or slips of strategy will be forgiven so long as he is known to be incorruptible and unafraid.

However the legislators may feel or act, Doctor Brumbaugh can be perfectly sure that the rank and file of the people will support

Connie Mack, Napoleon in Defeat

NONNIE MACK is nowhere more Napoleonic Cthan in defeat. His retreat from the Moscow of Beandom is nothing if not spectacular in the daring way in which he is preparing to make over the "greatest team in the world." His strategic support of his partners in organized baseball is just as fine a specimen of his campaigning spirit.

The Athletics have been a great team, probably the greatest in baseball, but it has been admittedly an expensive team. This year it combined its high salary list with the awkward quality of playing so triumphantly well that too few fans went to its massacres to balance the books satisfactorily. This alone would have dictated economy to

any other manager. But the spectacular manner in which Connie Mack has "ripped up" his team-"walving" Bender, Plank and Coombs and selling Collins-means more than a daring move to swell the box office and a confidence in his ability to find new Eddie Collinses. Connie Mack has lined up squarely by the side of his fellows in the two big leagues to fight the so-called outlaws. He is ready to bring down his great "machine" to an organization that gives the rest of the American League team a sporting chance. It is courageous work, with the stamp of the man upon It.

Dying Art of Owning Books

DOES the booklover buy books or borrow them? At any time but Christmas the answer would point straight to the public library. And even now the matter is important enough to the publishers for them to organize a local book exhibition to stimulate the declining desire of the public to own the books they read.

Book reading-and hence book selling-is a very different matter from what it was before the big libraries, public and private, came into being. They have supplied dependable sale for almost any published book, but they have cut down vastly the number of copies sold of the more popular volumes.

Readers have joined through the library the great co-operative movement of the past 50 years that leads toward communal interests in pleasures as well as necessities. It is good: the average man gets a range of reading that he could never afford if he bought each volume. And yet there is the pleasure to be remembered of buying, marking, owning and living with the book that has meant something to you. That quality of companionship is not to be given up for any considerations of mere quantity,

Generalizations in Commerce

TRADE with Bolivia is rich in opportunity for the business men of this country. That is what the Chamber of Commerce of the United States says, in urging them to activity. It is much better than to say, "Trade with Latin America," and so forth, Let us not forget that recognition of national entitles, either in diplomatic or in commercial relations, goes a long way to win

favor. Commercially and industrially, Bolivia is different from Argentina, Peru from Brazil, and the people of Brazil, for instance, have a name for themselves which is not "Latin Americans," but "Brazilians,"

Nobody knew the value of money better than Franklin. When a youth he tried to borrow some and found out.

Congress must have been very much interested to learn what legislation it will enact during the next few months, and the President was the man to tell them.

The trouble with Mr. Mann, of Illinois. is that he expects etatemen to talk sonse instead of nonsense, when he ought to know that no men who did shything like that sould possibly be elected.

The war in Europe was wished on Europe," says a distinguished lecturer and writer. In much the same way, we suppose, that the sederal League was wished on Orgammed Baschall.

to the spray of grafters in the Dallad digites could be apprecial into well-preun-My would be the strongest th the

WHEN YOU TRY TO SEE THE PRESIDENT

No Bluffing the Wary Tumulty-Delights and Disappointments of the Almost Open Door-"Bob" Henry, of the Bleeding Heart.

By E. W. TOWNSEND

CHEING the President" is necessarily in-D volved in some ceremony, some diffiilty, or else the President could do noth-

President Wilson thought he could strip this of all ceremony, of all lets and hindrances, and made a sincere effort to do so. But-it can't be done! The hold-over White House staff of secretaries told Secretary Tumulty the scheme of an open door to the President was impractical, if not impossible. But it was tried out just to establish the fact one way or the other, and after a short but sad experience the President's door was closed, to be opened only upon appoint-

Secretary Tumulty bravely effected a compromise; his door is kept open-almost! Of course, before one gets even to the secretary's office he is closely scrutinized by two uniformed orderlies upon entering the office obby from the White House grounds, and next is cautiously looked over by a man in civilian dress nearer the secretary's office, and in this way the merely curious are politely turned aside. But those who have or seriously think they have business with Mr. Tumulty can reach him, or at least reach his office, without much trouble or delay. This office is a big, comfortable room looking south to the Potomac and the Virginia hills, and the dozen or fifteen people generally found waiting there can move about easily without rubbing elbows, or meet in groups without in their mysterious whisperings dislosing generally the mighty import of their

No Secrets Allowed

If it is a visitor's first White House call he confidentially approaches Mr. Tumulty in his turn, and smilingly unfolds his desire to "see the President for a few minutes."

The secretary wants to know the purpose of the sought-for interview. Frequently the caller is not inclined to reveal this interesting secret. Nothing doing! Under polite secretarial pressure he yields up the secret wish, or thought, or purpose, or plan, or whatever has hastened his footsteps to the White House, and then 90 times in 100, probably, it is discovered that he should unbosom himself to some Cabinet officer, not to the President. If the little preliminary examination discloses the fact that the caller has a legitimate purpose, which can best be forwarded by an interview with the President, or is one the President would want to talk with for any reason, the engagement book is consulted and an appointment made for the next day, or the next after, or possibly the next week.

Even the Government officials, members of Congress included, must make appointments; but it goes without saying that important officials are wedged in promptly between other appointments.

The President is kept advised concerning those he is to meet, and if they are strangers the alleged purpose of their call. By this system it is surprising how many people the President can "see" in the three or four hours between breakfast and lunch he devotes to

this work-and work it is!-daily except on

Upsetting the Schedule Occassionally the President upsets the schedule. He won't see somebody he was expected to see or he will see somebody he was not expected to see. An experience of my own illustrates this. A high school class, the first class to be graduated from the first high school established in the factory district of Newark, N. J., was in Washington, and I was having the time of his life showing the class memwhers some of the sights and listening to their comments. I piloted the crowd to the White House offices, so that they could at least see where the President worked, and as some caller left his office the President. through the open doorwaw, saw my regiment. He sent for a messenger to learn 'who those children are." He was informed "First class, first high school," etc., and told the astonished messenger to bring the youngsters in. Picture the scene; without even hoping to see the President they were to shake hands with him-speak with him: Joy! There was another side of the medal, so to We entered and departed from the say. President's private office by a door connecting with the main corridor, but while the children were receiving their smile and handshake from the President, behind another door, that opening from Mr. Tumulty's office, a very important Senator sat, alternating glances of rage at his watch and at Tumulty. What was delaying him, he'd like to know?

The Man From Home

Just now the President is withstanding the usual heavy session opening week assault. The long siege is ended; the trenches issue forth their devoted heroes; it's the bayonet or clubbed rifle now in the charge on the White House. All for what? Curlosity is the "pap" animating the charge in most cases; officeseeking in a much less degree than is generally supposed, because the mar who gets to the President on an officesecking quest solely must first filmflam Tumulty. That cannot honestly be described as an easy job. It has before now been remarked that the President's secretary was not born yesterday, nor in Hoboken. This fact now being of common knowledge, the officeseeker goes elsewhere,

to "his member" or to the department; Although we are cautioned to make this an economical Congress, I'm going in for one extravagance. I want an appropriation to hire a sympathetic artist to make a brief series of pictures of "the big man from back home." with his wife and children; all big. faciling big that is, who go to the White House with the certain expectation of having a nice long chat with the President right off the bat. First picture: Proud, even haughty, entrance to the outside office; to be followed by the series depicting gradual cone of pride and haughtiness down the scale until an hour later, with chastened mien, they gladly shake the hand of the cop outside the office. who sympathatically tells them it is probably the President's busy day, and that was the reason they got no further than the orderites this side of the messenger, this side of the office of the assistant secretaries, who are this side of the ascretary, this side of the Prosident. It would make a great moving-

ploture show. "Hob" Henry, of Toxan, like most good fighters, is also a kindly hearted man, and that kind heart of his must be blending today. It was Henry, one recalls, who kept us here about three weeks longer than without has activity we would have been kapt. Durme those there weeks pentully less than a



"NOW YOU CAN DELIVER THE GOODS" wise: "Now, see here, Bob, you don't under stand the ways of Northern constituents. You fellows from the South have all got your nominations, and that means your elections. It is different where the snow files, and neswpapers are plenty at a penny apiece. Aye, Robert, much different; our nomination is a step only to the halfway house, or somewhat the hither side of that. We ought to be home campaigning; we ought to be hustling around the districts saying 'howdy' to the folks; we ought to be spying out weak places in our fences. Let up, Robert! Let

us go home so that we may come back." Then Robert would smile, lay a caressing hand on one's shoulder and respond: "Oh, you'll be all right, old fellow. Your people are too sensible to trim a man who has done as well as you have here. Don't you worry.'

But some fifty of that hundred were trimned, and one can almost see Henry's heart bleed as he sees them first-and ducks. He allows that he doesn't care to meet them just yet, for they lay their defeats to the fact that while Henry kept them here last Octoher clever young chaps of the opposite party were making kindling wood out of the sitting members' fences and dancing gleefully around campfires fed by the aforesaid kindling. The while the sitting memberwell, he just sat.

The hen is a large bird which files like a 1900 todel acroplane and is supplied with a squawk in place of a brain.

Nobody who has watched the hen in her blundering progress through life has any respect for her intellect. She has been severely criticised by all who have seen her mothering a china egg with intense devotion or running 25 yards in order to get to a road in time to cross it in front of an automobile. We laugh at the hen as we roughly pluck her from the radiator through which she has tried to fly, and allude. with ribald jest, to her punk mental equipment as we toss her in the ditch. Then we put on all speed and race over a railroad crossing, a winner from death by only one small silver of a second. We are much wiser than the hen, but have a difference about showing it at

The hen is distinguished not merely by her low, retreating forehead, but by her maternal . She is a profuse and enthusiastic It is her ambition to collect a dozen mother. mother. It is her ambition to collect a dozen eggs of her own production and to set upon these until they explode into chicks. Ruthless man, however, foils her by stealing the eggs as fast as she lays them. Many a hen goes through life with a puzzled air, laying bundreds of eggs and never getting a single egg shead on her job. The incubator has driven the hen out of the mother business, but thus far nothing can compete with the hen in productions seen. She has a monopoly of the trude ing eggs. She has a monopoly of the trude and gets her revenge upon man by going off the tob in winter and consuming mill feed in luxurious ease while the price of eggs avi-

ates and Congress appoints committees to probe the high cost of living.

The hen cannot sing and is not handsome to look at, but she has one talent that has en-deared her to all mankind. Hhe dies more beautifully and toothsomely than any other When a ben has resolved herself into component parts, each fried in egg and meal, she has produced one of the most perfect bits of gastronomic poetry.

Because of this the hen is like the politician. e love her best while reciting her obituary George Fitch.

Why Is a Diplomat?

From the New York Evening Post.
It cannot be said that this has been a banner year for diplomacy. As an insurance against war, it has been as ghastly a fallure as has invincible armament. If a diplomatic negotiation was ever more shockingly mishandled than that leading up to the European comba not know where to look for its record.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BYRON "The Niobe of Nations."-Childe Harold. Thou more than poet, Freedom's laurests, Byron' Altho' some tyrant hand should blot All pages that to her are consecrate By loyal bards—thus doomed to be forgot— Who should despair if these were quenched

Oh, for thy voice, when the world's heart is wrung
At Honor made a barrack-jest and plot!
To what invective hadat thou given tengue!
Mourner of Rome, what director Helsium hadat

thou sung! What of her children ravaged from her heart-Those cities proud of lors and fair of mien: Liege, that cradied Charlemagne; that mart Of many seas, rich antwerp; old Mainnes; And royal Brussels matted like a queen; Bruges the melodicus, and dowery Ghant, And wise Youvain?—Ob. Byron, hadet thou

The tears and terror, who could be content by leaser song than thine that grief and binms he blest?

Revered is Valor-ay, but Honor more.
A score of contaries doth History save
Casan's "brave Helsians": for how many

Shall live the word there to the Teutons gave When they must choose dishence or the gravel they knew, before they took Despair in wife, Man's belod, and not his master, tooken him

What thems for toon, sre, Magair of Great

NEUTRAL ITALY SKATING ON THIN ICE

An Italian View of the Increasing Difficulties of Avoiding General Conflict-Mediterranean Interests and National Tradition.

By A. A. BERNARDY

Lent European turmoil has been the occasion for so much international gossip, ever since the beginning of the war, that possibly a hint of Italy's own mind from Italy's own and exclusive standpoint may not come amiss.

The official formula for Italy's behavior in this contingency is "watchful and armed neutrality," and it has been furthermore officially stated that for no reasons except those concerning her own vital interests, and inspired therefore by a "sacred national selfishness," will Italy suffer herself to be drawn out of her neutral position to the advantage or damage of any belligerent party whatever. Of course, even so, Italy's neutrality is a precious asset to both contending sides; so precious, in fact, that it is hardly convenient to any of them to complain loudly of the situation, lest the change may make it worse.

Pressure from All Sides

Stories have been current, perhaps a little too highly seasoned by popular imagination, of imperative telegrams sent down from Berlin to Rome: of wrath of envoys, who had apparently cherished a bit too fondly the idea. of a meek and submissive Italy upon the occasion of a German command, and so forth. Some German firms also have undoubtedly gone much too far in the tone of their communications, or rather threats, to their Italian correspondents; and to this day the whole of Italy is flooded with protests, publications, self-sung German praises, all of which the keen and quiet skepticism of the Italian people delivers coolly to the waste baskets of public opinion without further ado, but, reasonably enough, not without some private opinion as to the good taste of such manifestations. The German press-in general and by force of habit and an excess of selfesteem-not usually overkind to Italy, has been (after some days of early and hopeful enthusiasm, and thereafter some violent attempts at a sincere expression of subsequent disappointment) kept fairly under control.

France's actually kind treatment of Italy's fleeing emigrants has gone far toward deepening the naturally friendly feelings between the two sisters of the Latin race, which had suffered some estrangement at the time of the Libyan war, when France had been a close second only to Germany in the disregard of Italian rights and the contempt of Italian aspirations, not to speak of the encouragement to Italy's adversary. As their excellencies Von Jagow and Von Buelow have thought it convenient and desirable to address Italian public opinion in the interest of Germany, Charles Richet has spoken for the Latin race and the necessity of a Latin alliance against the Germanic invasion. And his appeal, that of a private citizen deeply interested in the developments of history and of the Latin race, has undoubtedly met with deep approval among the Italian public. As for England, public feeling there

seemed, of course, destrous that Italy should join the Allies as soon as she sees her way to it-the sooner the better. England's oldtime friendship for Italy in the days of her struggle for independence is tactfully recalled, and the beginning of Caveur's political triumphs, the participation of little Piedmont in the Crimean War. Winston Churchill, in a recent interview granted to an Italian newspaper correspondent, has clearly expressed the idea that a restoration of the national principle must follow the war and modify the map of Europe as the first and foremost result of victory over the Austro-German hegemonic aspirations; and that "this or mone" is the time for Italy to push forward, by direct intervention in the conflict, her claims to the ethnically and historically Ralian districts of Trent, Triesto and the Dalmatian coast, which are now under Austrian rule.

The National Aspiration This, indeed, is the great aspiration of the Italian national tradition, and one of the most important issues of Italy's national existence. So much so that, if Raly's neutrality is broken, it may be on this very question. Its-great importance in the eyes of the allied forces has been brought to the limeight but a short their age in a very definite and pithy way: briefly thist. On the Austrian front there have been sent against Russia. Austrian wildlers of Rallen nationality; that hundred happened from the North To Salaton them being morted thatles of the fig. Austrian subjects necountry to the Adrisofts and Alpino prestures subject to Another

THE detached attitude of Italy in the pres- | rule. Incidentally, a few thousand of them have fallen into the hands of the Russians as prisoners of war. But Russia, with a very clever move, now refuses to consider them as Austrians. The Czar steps forth and orders his Ambassador to Rome to offer them as a token of friendship to Italy, if Italy will undertake to hold them, so that they will not return to serve under the Austrian flag. Naturally this last clause, upon reflection, has made the whole thing impossible, in the light of both the Italian private and public law and the international conventions. And a neutral Power can never be too careful about its movements.

> The offer of the Czar in its present form has therefore been respectfully and thankfully, but necessarily, declined. The sentimental part of it, if we may call it so, and the incidental recognition of the Russian Government of the Italian ethnical and historical characte: of certain Austrian provinces, has been deeply appreciated by the Italian nation as a whole, and cannot but enhance the friendly sentiment that Italy has felt for Russia ever since the Czar himself came to Racconigi, the royal Italian summer residence in Piedmont, to visit King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena (who, it must be remembered, had spent many happy years her early wouth at Petrograd), and especially since the Libyan War, when Russia not only abstained from the unfriendly demonstrations in which other nations rejoiced, but was the first to recognize and ratify the Italian sovereignty over the former Turkish possession.

Where Italy's Vital Interests Lie

It will be readily grasped even from this incident how thin is the ice over which Italy must skate in the course of her neutrality if she wants it to keep or to break exclusively at her own pleasure or judgment. And it is hard to say how formidable the pressure has been, of threats or snares, of sentimental or other inducements on the part of the various powers directly or otherwise interested in present or future events.

Of course, it is obvious that the great Italinn interests do not lie in the fields of France and Flanders, of Prussia or Poland, closely though her prestige and position as a European Power may be connected with the resuits of general action in those fields. The vital Italian interests lie in the Mediterranean and on the Adriatic coast; and thence, eastward. Naturally, therefore, the keeping up of Italian neutrality becomes more difficult and the Italian attitude more dependent upon the trend of events, as the confiagration extends to the Balkans and Constantinople; or as it descends toward the Suez Canal, on account of the communications with Italy's eastern African colonies. Eritres and the Italian Somaliland. In other words, if Italy must enter the fight, she can do so only with good reasons of her ow: and with a view to her own Interests; not because Germany and Austria promise that they will kindly allow her the French coast of Tunis or because France gently hints that she can pick the Dalmatian tit-bits out of the Austrian spoils-when they are neither France's nor Austria's to bestow.

During this period . * expectation and inaction—unless it may be called of preparation the quick and vereatile Italian mind has been turning over and over all the aspects of the question—nautrality or fight? The possibility of Italy's siding with the Austru-Germane may be safely considered as nonexistent. Remains, the other chance.

The Nationalists, of course, say "Wan" They want Trent, Trieste and the Dalmatian coast, as a minimum of their program, and they want it at once. Incidental additions the way of Mediterranean influence, all-round adriatic power, a hand in the Eusters questions, and so forth, are considered

desirable and would be welcome. The prosperous financial element says "Peace," and would rather cauch at the passing commercial benefits and possibilities of neutrality, with a view to make them durable and solid; money, in the sad, buys every-

The Socialists are split; some any peace and some may war, and most of them don't know what they want or why.

What of the great bulk of national feeling? it can safety be successfield thus: "Look out and keep pendy. It necessary, and when sponsory, tight."